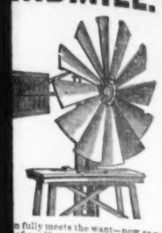
THE DANA
FUGAL-GOVERNOR
INDMILL.

n fully meets the want—now so urgent
of a self governing wind-engine which
niform velocity, and with an equiva-
ower, in all winds from gentle breezes
e.
MILLS A SPECIALTY.
irculars, &c.,
na Windmill Co.,
FAIRHAVEN, MASS.
OUR
BERTYPE
IGRAVINGS
and finest reproductions of famous
rawings yet issued in this country.
on 22x28 120 lb Tileston & Hollings
ge paper and are retailed by the Art
form price of
DOLLAR EACH.
mailed to any address.
On receipt of
TY CENTS
in P. O. stamps,
ed to any address post-paid, 2 hand
each 13x21 inches; one, a marine
The Winning Yacht; the other, an
Piece.
for TOWN HISTORIES
, Show Cards, Chromo
s of Drawings, Architects'
and printing of every de-
the
ES COMPANY,
vonshire Street,
BOSTON.
YER'S
saparilla
tism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic
Debility, Catarrh, and all
by a thin and impoverished,
dition of the blood; expelling
e blood, and restoring its vital
period of unparalleled useful-
SARSAPARILLA has proven its
ion to the cure of all diseases
or blood and weakened habits.
oncentrated extract of Sarsa-
ther blood-purifying roots,
Iodide of Potassium and
nelion, most reliable, and most
depurifier and blood-food that
ory Rheumatism Cured.
SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the
heumatism, with which I have
suffered for years. W. H. MOORE.
March 2, 1882. Mt. Morris, N. Y.
go I had an attack of Rheuma-
which has never from the best,
help. I tried several remedies,
any relief, until I took AYER'S
by the use of two bottles of
pletely cured. I have not since
Rheumatism since. Have sold
of your SARSAPARILLA, and have
ublic. E. F. HARRIS.
Bend, Mass., May 15, 1882.
was so weak from general de-
d not walk without help. For
of a friend, I commenced taking
SARILLA, and feel as well as
it as well as I ever did in my life,
work now for two months, and
SARSAPARILLA the greatest
orld. JAMES MAYNARD.
, New York, July 19, 1882.
SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and
Complaints, Erysipelas, Ec-
rm, Blotches, Sores, Boils,
uptions of the Skin. Itcears
purities, aids digestion, stimu-
the bowels, and thus restores
gthen the whole system.
PREPARED BY
r & Co., Lowell, Mass.
, price $1, six bottles, $5.
va Award.
nal attention given to the prepa-
rial of cases in the Court of Ala-
shington, D. C.
ce in the former Court, and
r managing those causes, enables
services to claimants. Time for
ions January 14, 1883. Add
ore the date will be thereafter
risdiction of claims or vessels and
y any Confederate Cruisers, the
for which expired before and
paid from April, 1865, to Novem-
is allowed from the time of the
the time when such Act, 1872
mmon.
ogue on application to the un-
MANNING,
d Counsellor-at-Law.
e Street..... Boston
Street..... New York
k Av Washington, D. C.
RARE
FFER
E SHEET MUSIC FREE
Dobbins' Perfect Music Roll
ch wrapper the pictured Mr.
and we will send you, free of all
selection from the following list
value of one Dollar. We
ly one piece. Address in full
opy for 30c. Send 3c stamp for
STRUMENTAL. Price
Knotter Leben," op. 216, Strauss 75
ar, etc., having struck a single chord
Gallop, Brilliant, op. 47, Koelling 75
Andante, " 75
Waltzes, " 75
Polka, " 75
VOCAL.
and the Chorus,) Sullivan 35
the Winds, " Abt 35
English and German Words, " Abt 40
" Sullivan 40
" Sullivan 40
" Sullivan 40
" Sullivan 40
Breezes, I part Song, Bishop 35
" Avelon 35
Send amounts to value of $1, or send only
Mason & Hamlin Organs.
ay to be exchanged for such new one
ected offer because we desire to
ently large to induce every one to
Soap is a truly high class article
d it is. If, after trial, they con-
for the price, we shall be pleased
fifteen bars, getting the dollar's
you shall have used. Trial
ers. The Soap can be bought of
ers, or will be sent by mail or ex-
each wrapper.
contains sixty bars. Any lady
ntains sixty cakes of Mrs. Pyle's
the amount of $4.50.
and you can be not asked to buy a
for you the every week.
& CO., 116 S. Fourth St.,
Philadelphia.
ORDERS,
Ladies conveying Tea will do
ell to send for our Premium
ist. We have premiums for
rders from $5 to 200, including
old Band Tea sets, Waltham
Watches, etc., etc. We send out
housands of these orders every
ear, and have yet to hear of any
tisfaction from those receiv-
them. If any lady reader of
paper wishes a beautiful
old Band Tea set, they will find
to their advantage to send us a
ostal for further information.
TIC TEA CO.,
Fitchburg, Mass.
Y MUTUAL
ANCE COMPANY,
y 1, 1882, $440,183.00. Sur
ice $253,369 74. Gain in
Years, $25,133.39. Gain in
Year, $18,096.26. Amount
$4. Total Liabilities, $186,-
paid in full. Dividends paid
olicy; 50 per cent. on 5 years,
, and 20 per cent. on all others
losses of property written.
MONROE, Pres and Treas.
LAND, Secretary.
ON OFFICE,
TATE STREET.
ds in every town. 2o34
d Restored.
rudence, causing Nervous De-
Debility, Catarrh, and all
, etc., having tried in vain
has discovered a simple means
e will send free to his fellow-
REVOS, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

VOLUME XLII.—NO. 13. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1882. WHOLE NUMBER 2137.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society

ISSUED WEEKLY AT "PLOUGHMAN BUILDING."

No. 43 Milk Street, (cor. Devonshire St.)

(Opposite the New Post Office,)

BOSTON.

GEO. NOYES Ploughman Company, PROPRIETORS

TERMS—$2.50 per annum in advance. $3.00 if not paid in advance. Single copies SIX CENTS.

☞ No paper discontinued except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

☞ The PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to advertisers. Its circulation is large and among the most active and intelligent portion of the community.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—One square of eight lines, one insertion, $1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents.

☞ Postage on the PLOUGHMAN is 15 cents a year within the United States.

Editorial.

RETROSPECTIVE.

The summer and autumn of 1881 will be remembered as remarkable in many respects. The sudden changes from very warm to very cold, exceeded in degree, anything experienced by the oldest inhabitant; and the yellow day will be looked back to as possessing the most remarkable phenomenon on record.

It is very gratifying to know that notwithstanding the sudden and wonderful changes of the weather, the crops of New England were fair; if we except apples and potatoes. It being the off year for apples only a small crop could be expected; but the potato crop was evidently affected by the unusual state of the weather; it is however, evident, that the weather was not the only cause for a small crop. Many who formerly planted enough for family use and a few bushels to sell, had picked bugs until their patience was exhausted, and not being willing to use Paris green they decided to buy their potatoes, rather then fight bugs, and be so far defeated as to get only half a crop. Thus a much less amount of land was planted to potatoes than formerly; this in connection with a small crop created a scarcity that carried prices to a point, where the European with his larger yield could transport his potatoes across the ocean, and compete with the New England farmer, even though, in consequence of a poorer quality he had to sell from ten to twenty cents a bushel less than the American farmer. This apparently is a new feature in the competition between the New and Old World, and it shows how little buying and selling markets of agricultural products. While this may be the first time that any considerable quantities of potatoes have been imported from Europe, it is not the first time we have looked across the Atlantic for food. The short crops of 1836 and 1837 carried prices so high that Europe furnished us flour, rye, oats, and even some hay. By our cheap and rapid means of transportation, from and to all portions of the civilized world, there is not that chance for variation in prices as there was in ancient times, when food could only be transported short distances upon the backs of animals. Now if any particular portion of the country occupied by civilized people is short of food of any kind it is conveyed from distant points so rapidly, and in such quantities as to often overstock the market, and in a few months bring prices as low as where the produce is shipped from.

Leaving vegetation and the weather and looking back through the winter upon the indoor work of the farmer, there are many pleasant things to review. Probably never before since we have any record, has the farmer so fully realized the importance of comparing notes with his fellow farmer, and never before has he taken so active a part in lectures and discussions; in fact the farmer has taken his education into his own hands; he no longer depends upon the minister, the lawyer, the doctor or the statesman, to direct him in his agricultural discussion; he has become educated to a point where it is unsafe for an unpractical man to mount the platform or take up the pen to advance his particular theories, though he may be the most profound scholar, for we are advancing in every direction so rapidly that few audiences of practical farmers are satisfied to listen to even facts that have become old; but they demand fresh thoughts and fresh facts, which have originated in the minds of the speakers, and been thoroughly demonstrated by the practice of his own hands. The time has gone by when a speaker can satisfy the farmers by delivering an address which is a rehash of old books. What the farmers of to-day want is plain, practical talk, not upon the dignity of farm labor but upon how he can grow the largest crops at the most profit. While he may enjoy listening to a good orator, yet he cares more for *what* is uttered than *how* it is uttered.

The moment the farmer begins to respect himself and his calling he will begin to be respected by others. Looking back a few years no one can fail to see that the farmer has made great progress not only in all that relates to the operations on his farm but also all that relates to his position in society. His increased intelligence has gained to him the respect and the society of profound scholars; his rapid progress in securing that knowledge which secures to him better products, large crops at lower cost, has secured to him the confidence of all professions, and lifted him up to a social position that compares favorably with that occupied by those who follow the most honorable occupations.

Not many years ago it was almost the universal opinion that to be a successful farmer required principally physical strength, while most of other occupations required great mental training; but to-day the opinion is very general, that no occupation requires more mental training than the tilling of the soil. It is conceded by every intelligent, practical man that to cultivate the soil to the best advantage one must be well informed in botany, geology and chemistry, not only as learned from books, but also as learned from nature. This having become a settled fact, the farmer's progress in future will be more rapid than in the past, when he did not know the importance of intellectual effort.

Comparing the past with the present the farmer has every reason to be encouraged. The improved implements which he now has enables him to do his work better and with far less labor than he could with the implements used by his father. The improved varieties of fruits, grains and vegetables enables him to obtain larger and more desirable products. The concentrated and special fertilizers enables him to enrich his farm to almost any extent; and his improved opportunities for learning places him in a position to make a better use of his time, and to enjoy life in a higher degree than ever before.

JANUARY ON THE FARM.

The New Year.—As the old year passes away, the hopeful enter upon the new with a cheerful heart, and an unwavering belief that every effort in the right direction will be crowned with success. The first of January is an era in the division of time which encourages the thoughtful to make new and improved plans for the future, and to resolve to spend the coming year in a manner to deserve success. The farmer of New England has many reasons to look forward with hope and confidence; the many helps which are being rapidly introduced to settle disputed points, and to improve our methods of growing crops, bid fair to place him in a position where his superior intelligence will enable him to cultivate the soil with a success equal, if not superior to that of the people of any other portion of the world.

The educational helps enjoyed by the farmers' sons are of a high order of excellence, from the primary school to the Agricultural College, are easy stepping stones to superior knowledge. With so many evidences of prosperity, there is every reason to believe that the year 1883 will be a happy and prosperous year to the great majority of New England farmers.

What Crops to Grow.—There is no better time to decide what crops had best to be grown the coming season than the present month. If left until spring opens, the constant press of business leaves the farmer but little time for deliberate thought, but now during the long winter evenings he can carefully consider the advantages and disadvantages of each crop, and when he decides what seems to be the most promising, and the fields best adapted to their growth, he can then avail himself of every aid within his reach to satisfy himself of the best methods of preparing the soil, and of cultivating each particular crop he intends to grow. In laying plans for the future, it is well to ever keep in mind that it is best to plant only what can be well manured and thoroughly cultivated. Clean culture is the culture that in the end pays the best.

Cows.—Every farmer who keeps a constant watch over his cattle, especially in the winter. At this season he not only sees that every animal is regularly fed with a variety of food in sufficient quantities to keep them in an improving condition, but he also looks after their cleanliness and comfort, keeping them well protected from cold currents of air, well bedded, and what is quite as important, well carded at least once a day. While fifty years ago the tendency was to not give milch cows enough to eat, to-day the tendency among milk producers is to overfeed with milk-producing food. There is a point beyond which it is not safe to go; we too often see valuable cows whose milk producing qualities have been injured, and hear of those that have been killed by forcing them with large quantities of Indian and cotton seed meal. The farmer who has a cow remarkable for her milk or butter producing qualities, should be careful not to overfeed that her record may surpass others.

Sheep and Lambs.—The farmer who raises early lambs for market should provide the best of quarters for his sheep. While they should have a warm building, well lighted and ventilated, he should also have a sheltered yard where the sheep can enjoy the open air in fair weather. When the lambs come they should be provided with a place of suitable size where they can enter at will, without being followed by the sheep; here the lambs should be fed with all the meal they will eat up clean, for early lambs for market must be made to grow as fast as possible. Raising early lambs, by those who understand it, is a very profitable business, if the dogs do not interfere.

Gathering in the Ice Crop.—December has been a favorable month for the formation of ice, so much so that many have already secured a supply. Those who have not should lose no time in doing so, for this is a crop when once grown, will not wait to be gathered, but the first warm blast returns it to its former liquid state. Ice at the present time is so important to the dairy farmer that he can hardly do without it.

The Orchard.—The young orchard should be looked after whenever the snow drifts in banks deep enough to cover the lower limbs; if not looked after and relieved the limbs thus covered are often badly broken. A few hours labor, immediately after a deep snow, will often save many valuable trees. If large limbs are to be cut off from the trees in an old apple orchard, the work should be done the first pleasant day, and the wound immediately covered with shellac varnish, or a coat of thick paint.

Covering Low Lands with Sand.—When the meadow is frozen and the snow is not too deep, it is a good time to cover it with sand. If the meadow is to be brought into English grass, no time can be spent on it to better advantage than in covering it one or two inches with sand. This supplies a material that is quite as important to the growth of the better qualities of grasses as manure. Hay has commanded such prices during the past few years that the farmer finds it for his interest to improve his meadows by supplanting the wild grasses with red top, timothy, and clover. It is found that peat land can be covered with sand and seeded down to good varieties of grasses, so that with even a small annual dressing of manure they will produce very heavy crops of excellent hay; in fact, some very intelligent farmers have come to the conclusion that this is the most valuable grass land we have.

CATTLE RANGE OF WYOMING.—The great cattle range of Wyoming, under the military protection of Fort McKinney, is about 800 miles square. In this area are now grazing 500,000 head of cattle, worth $27 per head, amounting to $13,400,000, to which can be added the value of horses and ranches of the cattle men farmers, and the stock of the grangers, making at least $15,000,000 of property under the protection of this post.—*Indianapolis Prize Current.*

SAND FOR MEADOW LAND.

To attempt to grow large crops of English grass on land composed entirely of vegetable substance in various stages of decay, is to attempt what will very surely prove to be a failure; for such soil is deficient in silica, which is a material necessary to give strength to the stalk. On such land a slight covering of sand often produces quite as good results as a slight covering of manure; but from this we must not infer that the sand takes the place of manure, for it only supplies a deficiency which the manure cannot do. If the grass grows after being covered with sand when no manure is applied, it is because the land is rich in all other materials except silica, so when this deficient material is supplied, the plants no longer suffer for the want of any material, therefore grow to full perfection.

There is no better time to apply sand to grass land than in the winter months, if the snow is not too deep. With the farmer it is a season when it will not interfere so seriously with other work as at any other season, besides when the ground is frozen it does not injure the grass roots to cart over them as much as at other seasons; in fact some meadows are so soft, both in the spring and autumn, that heavy loads cannot be carted over them without cutting them up and making the surface uneven. When sand is to be applied to meadow grass land, it is a good way to apply at the same time a dressing of manure, and when spring opens sow grass seed. If the land is hard enough to bear up a horse, a light harrow may be run over it to advantage. In this way the land may be reseeded to a great extent with a better variety of grass; unless this is done meadows are very likely to go back to the original wild grasses.

It is not necessary to apply more than an inch of sand once in three or four years. Some farmers bed their cattle with dry sand, and thus mix with the manure silica enough to keep their low lands supplied without a special dressing of sand; but the farmer who beds his cattle with fine dry muck instead of sand, should cover all grass lands on a peat bottom, with a dressing of sand every few years; a neglect to do this will result in a poorer quality of hay, though the land be kept well manured.

IMPORTANCE OF THE ICE CROP.

Ice has come into use so silently that we fail to fully realize how important it has become to all classes. It has really become a crop to nearly every portion of New England. A refrigerator has become a necessity to almost every household; and every dairy farmer finds it so important to have a generous supply of ice, that to him an ice-house becomes indispensible.

Where sawdust is plenty and cheap an ice house can be built very cheap; the farmer can do most of the work himself, after cold weather sets in, if he has prepared the foundation before cold weather sets in and the ground frozen. To build an ice house that will keep well, requires good drainage at the bottom; this is important; it also requires good ventilation at the top, to prevent the air in the space over the ice from becoming heated, which it certainly will, unless there is a free circulation of air between the ice and the roof of the building. Having secured good drainage at the bottom, and ventilation at the top, it only remains necessary to prevent a free circulation of air to the ice; this is very easily done with double walls 12 or 15 inches apart, filled with dry sawdust. To keep out the air it requires a much less thickness of dry than wet, sawdust; but even wet sawdust will keep ice remarkably well.

Ice is often kept in a building with but single walls. This is done by packing the ice 18 inches from the walls, and filling the space thus made with sawdust; the top should also be kept well covered with sawdust. The larger the body of ice, the less will be the per cent of loss by melting, so the farmer who has but a small ice house, needs to have it built on the right principles, and the ice better covered than if he had a house that would hold several thousands of tons; yet with care in packing the ice close together, and keeping it well covered, eight or ten tons can be kept through the summer without wasting more that 30 per cent., even if it be kept in one corner of the barn; but it is best to keep ice in a building by itself, as the melting ice rots the foundation of the building.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

Every farmer who expects to keep up with the times must spend a day occasionally with his brother farmers, not only to hear the progress they have made on their own farms, but also to give his own experience in the growing of crops and the feeding of animals. This comparing of notes not only encourages more intelligent thought, but it stimulates a desire for progress, and a habit of close observation.

If the farmer would devote the spare moments of this month, while at home, to the study of "plant growth," he will not only be able to talk to his brother farmer more understandingly, but he will be able, next season, to feed and cultivate his crops more economically.

WINTER FOOD.

[Orange County Farmer.]

As staple food, nothing is better and nothing is so cheap as good Indian corn,and one meal a day may safely be of this grain, either ground or whole. Grinding is of less consequence for poultry than for the larger animals, as every bird carries a complete mill for this purpose, and puts in a new run of stones as often as it can get to the ground. A variety of grain is always acceptable; wheat screenings, buckwheat, oats and rye, the last rather sparingly. Cooked food is highly relished—potatoes or turnips boiled and mashed with Indian meal,scalded and fed warm, especially on frosty mornings. Fowls are very fond of vegetables, eaten raw, and if sugar beets or mangels or turnips are put within reach, they will help themselves. For an appetizer, nothing is better than cabbage or the tops of turnips. Hens never tire of cabbage, and a good supply for winter should always be laid in. Animal food in some shape must be furnished, if you want plenty of eggs. Shore farmers can get fish offal from the markets, clams from the banks, or minnows from the ditches. Skimmed milk is always in order, and meat scraps from fat trying establishments, sold in large cakes, and placed where the hens have free access to them, are excellent food for laying poultry.

Correspondence.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

JAMES ISLAND (FLORIDA) LETTERS.

NUMBER IV.

BY O. H. KELLEY.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

At this date I presume you are beginning to appreciate the delightful cool air of a northern winter, and singing about the "beautiful snow," *enjoying* cold feet and hands, frozen ears and noses, anticipating the ice crop, and similar luxuries. Well, perhaps you have my sympathies; I tried it over forty years, and have during the past four years come to the conclusion it was a snare and a delusion. At this writing we have had one good hard frost which made ice about the thickness of tissue paper—the mercury stood as low as 28 above zero, which is excessively cold for this climate, but to-day I have my windows wide open, and am appreciating the beauties of a Florida winter.

From my garden we are gathering early radishes, onions and lettuce. Peas are in bloom, and our early wild flowers are opening their buds. How does that compare with your surroundings? But I must not confine myself exclusively to Florida in what I have to say in this letter. The advice of Horace Greeley to young men to "go West" was all right when given, but I say to young men, come South. I have reference to those starting out in life and looking for desirable locations. I presume many of the readers of the *Ploughman* have the same idea about the South and the people that I used to entertain, and judging by some of the questions asked in letters I think some of my correspondents have forgotten that our civil war ended seventeen years ago, and a "new South" both in sentiment and progress, has taken the place of the South of *antebellum* days. In this connection I cannot do better than copy an editorial from *The South*, an excellent paper published in New York city:

"THE SOUTH'S TRIUMPH.—The extraordinary development of industries in the Southern States, especially within the past two years, is a matter that excites wonder at home as well as abroad. Mutuality of interests renders the North as necessary to the South in the development of her resources as steel to fine in the production of watches. Both sections are laying the foundation of a future industrial wealth in coal and iron so great and mighty, that human conception is inadequate to forecast at the present day its magnitude and power.

The spirit of activity which was awakened in the Southern people during the war—the vitalizing capacity which characterized them at that period still lives, and is turned in all its vigorousness and persistency to the development of the magnificent and limitless variety of resources which so abound throughout her favored land; and the question whether the South possessed the energy and enterprise, the ability and ambition to work out greatness through her wonderful natural advantages, is being answered. The alarm of enthusiasm is ringing throughout her vast domain—people are roused to enterprise and competition by the contagion of success, and will crowd where the situation is tempting, until the South will be peopled to the measure of its means of subsistence; and those means are almost infinite.

While recognizing the great importance of population, the South will not lose sight of the fact that the value of immigrants depends more upon their character, skill and labor than upon their numbers, for it is an axiom in political economy, that the more a man gains for himself the more he augments the wealth of his country. The necessaries of life are the real constituents of wealth, and population will increase in proportion to the success of industries assuring these necessaries. The means for obtaining all the requirements of life are abundant on every side, and it only needs the application of labor to bring out not only competence, but wealth.

A distinguished advantage of some of the Southern States is that they are bordered by seas, or traversed by rivers, which give the greatest scope and facility to commerce.

Land, earth and water abound in visible means of wealth, and hold wealth yet undeveloped, unsuspected, undreamed of—for all the discoveries of industries, all the inventions, and all the different contrivances which increase manufactures, and to perfect mechanical appliances, are but the prolongation of threads which conduct to other discoveries and other inventions; for the materials of commerce seem to accumulate without any determinate limit, and the mechanical appliances to improve them may admit of perpetual refinement, as no measure of fortune or degree of skill is found to diminish the necessities or requirements of life.

The South, with her plenteous store of material will be able to meet these ever extending, ever-refining necessities in all their varying character; and in this vast field of enterprise she will grandly demonstrate how "Peace hath her victories."

Railroad building and railroad business, last year, was unprecedented in the Southern States. About 1,500 miles of the road were put in operation, which is nearly 1,000 more than were built during the preceding year. The gross earnings of Southern railroads last year reached $63 000,000. In 1880 they amounted to $48,000,000, and in 1879 to $43,000 000. The net earnings increased from $14,000,000 in 1879 to $18,000,000 in 1880, and more than $24,000,000 in 1881."

The number of new roads building and projected show that in a few years every facility for transportation will be found in the South. As the roads are completed new towns spring into existence, and when the advantages of the soil and climate of the South are fully appreciated immigration will pour in with the same activity as now marks the Northwest.

The South has lumber resources which for the present may be considered inexhaustible. Arkansas, for instance, is supposed to have 41,325,000,000 feet of pine; Alabama, 18,885,000,000 feet; Mississippi, 17,200,000,000 feet; Louisiana, 48,213,000,000 feet; Georgia, 16,778,000,000 feet; Florida, 96,500,000 feet. The coal and iron resources of the South are very great, and have scarcely been touched.

Add to this the great mineral wealth of North Carolina, Tennessee, Northern Georgia and Alabama, particularly the coal and iron, to say nothing of the gold mines. Cotton factories are now paying establishments, and I venture to assert the day is not far distant when the bulk of the cotton mills of the United States will be found in the vicinity of the cotton fields, where they will add wealth to the country. The more manufactories of all kinds we can establish the better home market is given to the farmer for his products, and when the farmer and gardener can locate where snow and ice nor frozen ground will not interfere with field work, it looks to me as if such a place would prove a "bonanza." Florida is, and must always be, the early garden for the States to the north of it, and I am told that some of the large dealers in "garden sass" in Boston and other Northern cities have already commenced operations in Florida, Bermuda and all along the Atlantic coast, by which arrangement they keep the advantage of high prices of early garden products. Let any young man or even those of middle age come here and commence in gardening on a small scale at first with the view of enlarging as circumstances will warrant, and by close attention with a knowledge of the business, I believe a few years will guarantee them a liberal income. A railroad is projected from this town via Tallahassee to Thomasville, Georgia. We have every reason to believe work upon this will be commenced within two months. When completed it will open a direct line of communication both to Chicago and New York. It can be built within twelve months. With this road in operation I am confident James Island will offer the very best inducements for those desiring to invest in gardening, both for home and Northern markets. The railroad will encourage the establishment of other industries, and being the terminus no inconsiderable town must naturally grow up here. If this road is a certainty, now is the time to secure locations, for as soon as work commences upon it lands very naturally must rise in value. Our Legislature meets the first of January; early in the session the company anticipate securing a grant of land to aid them in building the road. We have excellent reasons for believing the Legislature will be quite liberal, as it will build up a Gulf port for Middle Florida and Southern Georgia, there being no other point having the advantages of Carrabelle, with its superb harbor on this part of the coast.

Several letters have been received from parties who have read my previous communications, asking the rate of wages here. I will say in reply that common laborers receive one dollar per day and board themselves. By the month we pay from $15 to $20 and board. Mechanics receive from $1.50 to $2.50 per day, but prices for mechanics depend very much upon the quality of work they turn out. I have employed some who were regular botches and dear at any price, but it is here as elsewhere, experts at any trade can command their own price, and when a carpenter lands here with his tool chest and a good "kit" of tools, we take it for granted that his services are to be of value to us. The tool chest is a good recommendation, but I would very much like to see one good man land who thoroughly understands the cultivation of fruits and "garden sass." I want one.

Carrabelle, Franklin Co., Fla., Dec. 10, 1882.

The Horse.

COLD IRON.

"An Experienced Horseman" in the Kentucky *Live Stock Record*, reminds those who have the handling of horses of the cruelty of which they may be ecelessly guilty:

"Let any one who has the care of a horse these cold, frosty mornings, deliberately grasp in his hand a piece of iron; indeed, let him touch it to the tip of his tongue, and then let him thrust the bit into the mouth of his horse if he has the heart to do it. The horse is an animal of nervous organization. His mouth is formed of delicate glands and tissues. The temperature of the blood is the same as in the human being, and, as in man, the mouth is the warmest part of the body. Imagine, we repeat, the irritation that would be to the human, and, if not the same degree, still the suffering to the animal is very great. And it is not a momentary pain. Food is eaten with difficulty, and the irritation repeated day after day, causes loss of appetite and strength. Many a horse has become worthless from no other cause but this. Before India rubber bits were to be had I myself used a bit covered with leather, and on no account would have dispensed with it in freezing weather."

IMPORTED COTSWOLD BUCK "LORD BENSON 7TH."

Owned by Gen. C. P. Mattocks, Portland, Me.

We publish to-day a correct likeness of a Cotswold buck owned by Genl. C. P. Mattocks, proprietor of Riverside Farm, Portland, Me. This buck was sent to this country during the Centennial for exhibition, by Russell Swanwick, Royal Agricultural farm, Cirencester, England, and was in the first prize pen at the Centennial Exhibition, soon after which he was purchased by Genl. Mattocks, who purchased another one of the same pen. These sheep are noted for their long, lustrous wool, used principally in the manufacture of worsteds and delaines, and reaching great weights, the largest one ever imported in this country, being owned and used at Riverside farm, reaching the enormous weight of 445 pounds, when in show condition, when he took the sweepstakes of the great St. Louis fair in 1872. The following extract from the introductory article to the first volume of the American Cotswold Record, written by Genl. Mattocks, may be of interest to our readers:—

"What-ever may be the intrinsic merits of the long wools, it must be confessed that, measured by the test of popularity, the Cotswolds are far ahead; but in saying this I would not detract from the increasing popularity of the border Leicesters which are making such headway in the British Province, notably in New Brunswick, where the Provincial Government has recently imported a fine lot of rams to be distributed through the Provinces for the use of the farmers. The popularity of the Cotswolds is the more valuable because they are undoubtedly the best breed among the long wools. It is claimed that the original Cotswold was greatly improved in symmetry, size and constitution, by the introduction of Spanish blood, and the Merino cross. These sheep were originally bred upon a range of hills, in Gloucester, England, which afterwards took the name of Cotswold Hills, being so called from the fact that in winter the sheep were housed in low sheds or cotes. The exportation of these sheep was early prohibited, except under the Royal license, and, although the prohibition was afterwards removed, yet the effect in producing a fixed race of great value, was similar to the result in the breeding of Jersey cattle with only the limitation of foreign blood.

The Cotswolds originally attracted attention on account of their large yield of wool of a very long staple. They have always been noted for their ability to mature early in life, and for much does this characteristic predominate, even at the present day, that no harsh treatment will tell upon their constitution so rapidly as the mistaken economy of some farmers, in the border counties, which confines them to close, ill-ventilated sheds or barns in winter. This original Cotswolds had coarse frames, coarse heads and coarse wool. They were in fact, as far distant from the improved Cotswolds as were the old Herefords from the symmetrical types of that breed which you often see at the fairs. The Cotswold also claims that the Cotswold are the largest breed of domesticated sheep in the world. The shortness of space between the hip and flank detracts from the beauty of the Cotswold, and many of them are too light under the flanks; but with this exception, a well-bred Cotswold, with a small head, long, lustrous and curly wool, not too dry, but with a fair amount of yolk, a healthy, pinkish skin, prominent eye, and expanded nostril, with head high and sitting easily upon the neck, is certainly as fine a picture of symmetrical and fashionable sheep breeding as one can wish to see. The Leicester is comparatively free from wool on the forehead, while in a Cotswold the wool portion is an index of purity as well as of the wool producing qualities. In fact the forelops in some of the best specimens of shearing rams can be seen hanging down over the eyes, and reminding one of the graceful forelop of a well-bred Norman horse."

VENTILATING FARM BUILDINGS.

[From the paper by Dr. George Austin Bowen of Woodstock, Conn., read before the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture at Rockville, Dec. 15th.]

The oxygen of the air is as necessary to the animal economy as any portion of its food. The carbonic acid gas, thrown off by the lungs of all animals, is necessary for the support of plant life, but will cause death to animals should it rise above a certain point. The animal organism is also equally dependent upon the watery vapor of the atmosphere, which contains from 5 pounds of dry matter to 100 pounds of water. As it is, true of the plant, if the air were perfectly dry the skin would bind and shrivel, the thirst would become intense, the air would absorb the moisture as it was breathed out of the body, the nerves would be greatly reduced, the fluids that fill out the tissues and become a ghastly mummy.

In the mammalia it is estimated that there are about 20,000,000 cells clustered around each terminal branch of the lungs, presenting a surface of 160 square yards. The walls of these cells are closely packed with capillaries, through which all the blood must pass at short intervals, and is thus exposed directly to the air, which permeates every portion of the system through the blood. Hence the necessity of pure air to all classes of animals.

Why Ventilate?

That there is need of an agitation upon this subject is evident to anyone who enters almost any stable in the country, especially in the morning. And well-constructed stables are not in this respect than stables of a poorer class, for they are more hermetically sealed, the object being to make them warm. Many a stable owner think that warmth at their expense of air is far more injurious than a cold air which supplies a full amount of oxygen for combustion.

But it is not for the purpose of keeping animals that we ventilate our stables. The atmosphere is at foddering times filled with a fine impalpable dust, composed of the earth and dirt of the fields, with the pollen of grass and flowers and also the spores and germs of moulds that in damp seasons fodder is apt to be contaminated with, all of which when breathed into the lungs act as an irritant and consequently produce congestion and inflammation. Some of the most fatal of our contagious diseases are traced to the planting of low forms of life (germ-) within the animal system; they are termed bacteria and are divided into distinct groups. They are found in the blood and also in the blood of animals having certain diseases. These minute bodies are capable of self-multiplication within a very limited space of time, and being so marvellously small and light are taken up by the slightest movement of the air, and float in the atmosphere. If the atmosphere is dry and pure, they soon perish. In pure air charged with watery vapor, from the animal respiration they live for a length of time, but when the air becomes over charged with putrid animal matter they live and flourish. When existing in the air, these bacteria find their way into the blood of man and beast through abrasions in the skin or mucus surface or by being drawn into the lungs themselves. All classes of animals may receive them. Unless the farmer is mighty careful about giving his cattle pure air, he may have much trouble from this source.

Now a man requires at least 500 cubic feet of fresh air per hour. In making an estimate for horses and cattle, three times as much is usually reckoned, but if we allow five times as much we shall have far better results. A pig kept in a clean place will require the same quantity as a man.

What Ventilation Consists of.

Ventilation consists of two processes—the removal of foul air and the introduction of fresh. So far as farm buildings are concerned this art is in its infancy. The vitiated air and carbonic acid gas breathed out by animals, is much lighter than common air, even at the same temperature, so that it rises above the zone of our respiration. Now if we fashion suitable means of egress in the upper parts of our barns, we shall secure rid the impure air. Its place must be supplied with fresh air which must come from below. An opening in the roof is not enough, for it is already occupied with a strong current of outgoing air. It then we make suitable apertures near the floor and in the roof, our aim is accomplished. This is the whole art of ventilation in the abstract; in detail it is very considerably more. The admission of fresh air is a more different matter than the removal of the vit ated. The object is to admit it in abundance, but not in such a way as to create a cold draft or to chill the animals. This is best accomplished by bringing the air from the exterior of the building, at a level with the floor, in a broad box at least 10 inches square at the ends, and running the length of the stable or a suitable distance into it. This box should have small openings at regular distances which will divide the current of air; or there could be several of those boxes constructed on a smaller scale and placed in suitable positions. If manure is not stored in the barn cellar and it is kept free from all articles that would corrupt the air, the supply could be drawn from that locality; for it is a few degrees warmer than the outside air. But the air of cellars is generally as much defiled as that of the stables and as unfitted for respiration, indeed many cellars require ventilation more than the structures above them.

It is not well to ventilate one apartment into another—nothing is gained but a little additional space. The tainted air of a stable turned into a hay loft will contaminate the fodder kept therein. It becomes saturated with the deleterious particles thrown off from the animals in the form of their excrement, which soon putrifies and renders the whole unfit for food. This is one of the principal objections against the ordinary cattle arrangements in our common barns. All stock should be kept in an apartment by itself, which should be ventilated by flues connecting it with the external air; these should have shutters or regulators to close them when necessary. Lowering windows from the top is an excellent way to ventilate if they are situated in the right place but they cannot be well arranged so as to admit fresh air, and are a little objectionable.

The ventilating of house cellars is also imperatively necessary. They should have plenty of windows to allow the air and light full play. But it would be better to have none to ventilate. A properly constructed building above ground with partitions for dead air and screened from the cold winds by close hedges, would be far less costly, more convenient in using, and far more healthful. In order to have a wholesome pure air for our buildings we must look somewhat to their surroundings.

The Poultry Interest.

MOULTING.

Upon the requisite care of late moulting birds, a writer in the *Country Gentleman* gives the following advice: "Fowls that do not moult until late in the season are more or less liable to contract diseases, especially roup. As fowls grow older, each year the period is more prolonged, and occurs later in the season. When the period of moulting arrives the bodies are greatly reduced, the feathers drop and the bird loses appetite and runs down. Just before this occurs is the time to build up by giving stimulants and appetizers. As cold weather and damp, chilly nights come on, the fowls really suffer more in their spent condition than during the severity of winter, when the air is dry and the birds are full feathered. At this season fowls should have warm and strengthening food. Warm mashes, savored with pepper, salt and considerable grease, give tone to the failing appetite, and encourage a steady growth. A plentiful supply of animal food is also good. Iron in the drink is of service, but do not overdose it; only sufficient to even the failing appetite. Frequently a change of food will bring about these results."

DURATION OF THE GERMINATING POWER OF SEED.

SEED.	YEARS.	SEED.	YEARS.
Artichoke, good for	5	Lettuce	5
Asparagus	4	Melon	8
Bascella	3	Melon	6
Beans	3	Nasturtium	5
Beans—garden	6	Nasturtium	5
Beans—French	2 to 3	Onions	2 to 3
Beet	5	Okra	5
Burnet	2	Parsley	3
Cabbage	5	Parsley	3
Cardoon	7	Peas	4 to 5
Carrot	4	Pepper	4
Cauliflower	5	Pumpkin	5
Celery	7	Potatoes	5
Cherril	2	Pennsaline	8
Ch

The Poet's Corner.

TYING GREENS.

BY M. B. BURNETT.

Within the little chapel-room,
Where the twilight fell too soon,
We worked among the Christmas boughs
The livelong afternoon;
Forgetting all the world beside
Ourselves, and those green wreaths we tied.

Her fingers touched the shining leaves
In loving lingering ways,
'Her eyes were rapture-lit to count
Them tokens of His praise
Who made the laurel, and the fine
Green fringing rings of running pine.

But all that child-like joy ran on
Of graver work a part,
Those tender touching hands were fain
To soothe a troubled heart;
These wistful, star-bright eyes would read
As love gave light a spirit's need.

The voice that seemed but following
Each airy fancy's claim,
That sang me songs and told me tales,
Rang still to one true aim;—
Dear Christmas voice, that could not cease
Its singing of good will and peace!

Dear human love, that could reveal
With such a tender power
The love divine, making the time
In truth a Christmas hour,—
One that years cannot crowd away,
'Tis still the heart's sweet yesterday.

Yet seasons manifold since then
In measured length have come;
Once more are Christmas garlands tied
In many a hall and home;
O'er many an odorous lengthening chain
Sweet friends hold converse once again.

Now, as I break the fresh green stems,
I have a long, long thought
Of that fair, fragrant, fadeless wreath
For other mansions wrought,—
Her life hath woven day by day
To hang in heaven, not far away.

For I have seen the heavenly trust
Let down, a firm white cord,
And lo! a hand that breaks her leaves—
The hand of Christ the Lord!
While she in meek obedience still
Is swift to place them at His will.

I dimly know the treasure-banks
Of dewy, living green
Whence he draws fairer garlandings
Than earth has ever seen;
Though all the lovely growth of earth
Do faintly hint their beauty's worth.

I see them shining in the fair
Long wreathing of her days,
Sweet balsam leaves of sympathy,
Hope's winter-braving sprays,
Truth's laurel bright, and all between
Love's fringing, soft and fadeless green.

Ah, still through many earthly years
The shining wreath be sunn f
The one sweet work that needs no change
Let out beyond the sun;
Forever mid the heavenly cheer
More bright for that we loved it here.

Northampton, December, 1882.

Springfield Republican.

Ladies' Department.

TENNESSEE TOM.

A STORY OF OLD PLANTATION DAYS BEFORE THE WAR.

BY WILLIAM J. FLORENCE.

"How did you lose your finger, Tom?"

This was the question I put to an aged negro, as he made "his mark" on the wages sheet one Saturday, when I was paying off the men in our principal dock-yard at Quebec. Tom had been at the works for many years, and become a sort of foreman to a gang. He was a sober and faithful old fellow; and although he had signed the book Saturday after Saturday for a long time, I had never before noticed that the forefinger of his right hand was missing.

"Well, massa, I will tell you all about it some day. It is a long and cruel story, sah. I kinder try to hide it; for it a'most kills me when any one alludes to it, sah." And as the poor old fellow took his week's wages and shuffled off, great tears rolled down his cheeks.

A few days later, I found Tom on the wharf, sitting in the shade of some bales of cotton. The men had finished their dinner, and Tom was taking his customary half-hour's rest.

"How are you, to-day, Tom?" I inquired, as the old man rose to his feet to salute me.

"Pooty well, massa, thankee; but I can't stand the work as I used to, sah."

"Remember, Tom," said I, "you promised to tell me how you lost your finger. Come away from the cotton, and we'll have a pipe under the shed yonder, where we won't be disturbed."

I led the way, and Tom followed, loading his pipe. Once in the shed, he said—

"You see, massa, I was born a slave in Tennessee. Dat's why dey call me 'Tennessee Tom.' But how dese Canucks (Canadians) eber knew I was from Tennessee, is mo' dan I can tell. I was born on a plantation. My fader was a blacksmith; and when I was a little picaninny, I used to blow de bellus for him, so dat when I grew up I was put to de forge. When de old man died I was promoted to his place, and I was a mighty good smith, too, sah. You see, de blacksmith on de plantation has lots ob work to do, mending ploughs, wagons, farm tools, and all dat. Besides, sah, dey allers hab a cabin near de big house, and get from de massa a good many favors dat de common niggars don't get, sah. Well, I was a great favorite wid ebery one on de plantation, and most of all wid de ole massa; and I was a han'some, strong boy, too, sah. Well, dere was a pooty bright mulatto gal at de big house. She was a servant, and waited on Miss Flo, de massa's favorite daughter; and somehow, we used to meet ebery time I went up to de big house. We soon grew fond ob each oder; and one day I asked old massa to give Lida to me for my wife.

"Well, sah, we was married plantation fashion, by a negro pa'son, a fellow slave. I can tell you I was a happy man den, sah. De next year and a half was de sunshine ob my life, sah. Lida was de best wife in de world, and we had de prettiest little twins dat you eber saw, called Joe and Tom. Dey was de cutest little tings on the old plantation, and dey used to crawl round de cabin door while I watched dem from de forge opposite. You see, sah, my wife's duties took her to de big house, so dat myself and an old 'Mammy' had to watch dem babies most of de time.

"Tings went on all right, sah, till one day Lida told me dat Miss Flo was going to be married to a gentleman from Cuba. We had seen dis gentleman from time to time visiting massa's family. He was a cross, proud fellow, and none ob us liked him, so dat when Lida told me ob de marriage, I felt as if something was goin' wrong. And sure enough it did go wrong, sah.

"A short time after Miss Flo's marriage ole massa died, and den all was crying and sorrowing on de plantation. De property passed ober to Miss Flo, and her Cuban husband commenced to take hold ob de management. He made us work twice as hard as we had ebber done before. He put new overseers on de place, and built a large calaboose (jail) for de 'wicked niggas' as he called us. Dis calaboose was a large stone house, wid four cells lighted from de top; and it had a large iron door. Our new massa was de most wicked man I ever did see. He hated us all, and used to kick, beat and 'prison de slaves on de smallest excuse.

"Den, my darling Joe grew sick, and the poor little fellow began to fail. Lida had her work to attend to at de big house, so I had to run over from de forge to tend de baby. In dat way I lost a deal of time, but I did love my babies so much dat my heart was a'most broke to see one ob dem drooping day by day. Little Tom seemed lively, but his broder was sick, for he would crawl over to de bed on de floor, lay his tiny hand on Joe's face, and in his baby way say, 'Poor little Joe.' I tell you, dat was mighty hard to bear, massa.

"One evening, just before dark, I was rocking de sick chile in my arms before de cabin door. I had done a hard day's work at de forge, and as I had been up most all de night before watching wid Lida at the little one's bedside, I was mighty tired and worn. Lida had promised to run down from de mansion to look after Joe, and I was wondering what was keeping her away so long, when I saw a lot ob de slaves around de big house in de distance. At first I thought there must be a big fire or something ob dat sort, but soon one of de lads comes running ober to me, and 'Tim,' says he, 'Lida's in trubble.'

"'What's de matter?' says I.

"'Day are goin' to take Lida to de calaboose,' says he.

"'What for?' says I.

"'Don't know,' says de lad; 'sometting has been lost or stolen, and dey say she's done it.'

"'Look 'ere boy,' says I; 'jes hold dis baby for a minute while I run ober and see what's the fuss. Hold de poor fello' gently,' says I, 'cos he's mighty sick.'

"When I got to de big house, I found ebersear and our new massa gwine to de calaboose wid my poor Lida. Miss Flo stood crying on de steps.

"'What's de matter, Miss Flo?' says I; 'what are dey gwine to do wid poor Lida?'

"'Oh, my poor Tom!' says she, wid de tears falling down her pooty face, 'one of my ear-rings has been lost, an' my husband seems fixed in the belief that Lida has stolen it. I don't believe it, Tom; but your massa's determined to put Lida in de calaboose, and they are going to look her up.'

"'Oh, my dear Miss Flo,' said I, 'dey ain't gwine to 'prison dat poor gal; dey ain't gwine to put my dear Lida in de calaboose. She never stole nothin'; she's too good. What's to become of my poor sick chile without a modder to look after him?'

"'Ah, my poor Tom! I've tried my best to prevent Lida being taken away, but can't prevent it.' And Miss Flo wrung her hands in pity for me.

"'Lookee 'ere, massa,' said I, just as we got to the door ob de jail, 'don't put my Lida in dere. She ain't done nothin.' Dar's a sick baby in de cabin yonder dat wants a modder's care. Lida ain't stole nothin'. Dat ear-ring's lost somewhere about de house. It will be found again. Please let her go.'

"The only answer I got was a crack across de face from de whip of de oberseer, as dey closed de iron door on my poor weeping wife.

"With my heart a'most broke, and de sting of dat heavy blow on my forrid, I went back to my cabin. I found Miss Flo dere, wid my poor sick baby in her arms. Together we watched that drooping little chile, till jes before midnight de angels came and whispered 'it was time to go;' de Lord had called it home.

"'Don't stop here no longer,' Miss Flo,' said I. 'Go home, honey, and leave me wid de dead.' De dear lady didn't want to go, but after a while, weeping and crying, she left me, and went off in de darkness towards de big house. Den my heart gib way, and I cried as if my heart would break, sah. Little Tom woke up, and stretching his arms over to his dead brodder, tried to wake him up. Oh! dat was too much for me, sah. I fell down on my knees, and was gwine to cuss, when I thought it was wicked, sah, for two wrongs didn't make one right.

"Suddenly de thought struck me dat I had made de iron door of de calaboose, and dat no oder man on earth could open dat door widout a key but me. Wrapping de dead chile up in Lida's shawl, and givin' it one kiss, I laid it on de bunk. I took de other baby in my arms, rushed over to de forge, picked up a large hammer and chisel, and in de darkness crept towards de jail. It was an awful cold night, and as I held little Tom close to my breaking heart, de tears almost froze running down my cheeks. But I was strong in my purpose, sah, and savage in my despair. After two or three blows on de lock, de iron door of de calaboose swung open, and in a very short time I clasped Lida in my arms, once more a free woman.

"'Take de chile, honey,' said I. 'We have but two hours between now and daylight; and we must make for de river before de alarm is given.'

"'But what's de oder—what's little Joe?' said she.

"'Dead, honey,' said I. 'Our chile is gone to clime de golden stair.'

"'Oh, my God! My chile! My little Joe! Dead, dead!' cried de poor creature, falling at my feet.

"'Come, come. You want all your strength, Lida, to reach de river before daylight, and de cane brake is more than four miles across.'

"After a good hour's tramp along de road, we entered a wood, and reached de cane brake, through which we had to pass before reaching de river. We could now hear de sound ob de horses following in de distance.

"'Heaven help us now, Lida!' cried I. 'They're after us. Courage, honey; courage!'

"On, on we struggled; and nearer, nearer came de sounds. Dey had tracked us and entered de cane brake in hot pursuit. A few minutes more and dey was close upon us.

"'We must hide now,' said I, 'and if dey hab no dogs wid 'em dey will pass by.'

"So we plunged into de thickest ob de brake, Lida holding de baby to her breast to prevent his letting our pursuers know our whereabouts by his cry. We waited, hold ing our breath while dey searched right an' left of us, some of dem coming just to where we was concealed.

"'Not de de party—for dere were five or six ob dem—went on; but my Cuban massa, who had dismounted and left his horse at de entrance ob de cane brake, lagged behind searching every corner. He suddenly appeared, and wid de aid ob his bull's-eye lantern he discovered our hiding place.

"One moment more and he would have given the alarm, and called back de rest ob de party; but in de twinkling of an eye I grasped him by de throat and stifled his cry. Quick as lightning, he whipped out his bowie knife. Holding him tight by de neck wid one hand, I grasped de knife wid de oder. De sharp blade cut my finger to de bone, but I choked my wretched massa, till he turned over insensible under me, and I was free.

"De rest ob de party, having given up the chase, now returned, and passed quite close to where poor Lida and I lay trembling in de grass, near de unconscious man. My finger was a'most off, and my hand was bleeding fast. Using de bull's-eye lantern, and stopping Lida's shawl in the water, I tried to bring de Cuban to. But it was no use, and de river must be reached before daylight. So leaving him there, we once more fled towards de Mississippi.

"Just before daylight we reached de bank ob de river. Half-a-mile further up we saw a canoe tied near a woodman's hut on de shore. We entered de canoe, and I paddled it across de river for dear life. For two days and nights we hid amongst de bushes. On de third day I hailed a raft of coal boats, returning unloaded to de Ohio. Dey took us on board. Lida acted as cook, while I assisted as best I could till we reached Pittsburg. During de voyage poor little Tom was taken sick. Dat night in de cane brake had been too much for him, and he died ob a burning fever, calling for his brodder Joe.

"Lida, too, never seemed de same woman afterwards, sah. She pined away, and soon followed her little babies towards de golden shore. I was den all alone in de world. My finger never healed, and de doctors cut it off in de hospital at Pittsburg. I was afraid dat dey might come to me from Tennessee, for I didn't kno' whether I had killed my Cuban massa or not. So I made my way to Canada, a lonely, heartbroken man; and here I am still, sah, all dat is left of Tennessee Tom."—*Sunday Courier.*

DANIEL WEBSTER'S MARKETING.

Few of the men of this generation know what it is to "market." On their way to business they step into the corner butcher-shop, leave an order and rush for the passing street car. It was not in that touch-and-go style that our fathers did their marketing.

A man at the head of a family was expected to know how to select good roasting-pieces, juicy legs of mutton, succulent steaks, tender chickens and the freshest of fish. He did not let his butcher select for him. Usually he carried a large market-basket, which he filled with meat and vegetables, and then lugged it home. It was in this way that Daniel Webster did his marketing, though a servant carried the basket.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal* gives, in the following sketch, a pen-and-ink portrait of the great man, as he appeared while doing his family marketing:

The next morning, after one of his wonderful speeches in the Senate Chamber, Mr. Webster might have been seen in the old "Mash Market" at an early hour, for he was no sluggard. With him was a servant carrying a huge market-basket, and he would go from stall to stall, often stopping to chat with a butcher, or a fish-monger, or a hucksteer, and delighting them with the knowledge he displayed about meats, fish and vegetables.

Selecting with care a supply of provisions for two days, as the market was only held on Tuesdays, Thuradays and Saturdays, Mr. Webster would return to his house, next the Unitarian Church, and see that the meat was properly hung up and the vegetables put away.

On his way to the Capitol or there (if his table was not already full), he would meet a friend and say,—

"Come and dine with me to-day. I have a noble haunch of venison which I bought a fortnight since, and have kept hanging until it is exactly fit to be eaten," or, "I have received a fine salmon from the Kennebec come to-day and help me eat it."

Every spring he would join the Saturday parties of congressmen and officials who used to go down the Potomac on the old steamer *Salem* to the fishing-grounds and enjoy freshly caught shad, opened, nailed on oaken boards, and cooked before large wood fires.

On one of these occasions Mr. Webster had obtained from Boston some rock cod, crackers and salt pork, and he made a chowder.

He had a large kettle, and having fried his scraps he deposited the successive layers of fish, crackers and potatoes and onions over and over again until there was no more room.

Then pouring in a half-gallon of milk, he rubbed his hands, exclaiming, "Now for the fire. As Mrs. Macbeth said, 'If 'tis to be done, when 'tis done, then 'tis well 'twere done quickly.'"

I quote from memory, but I shall never forget his joyous expression of countenance and the merry twinkle of his deep set, burning black eyes. The chowder was a success.

OUTWITTING BRIGANDS.

It was on such a morning as we fog-nurtured islanders seldom witness at home, that I stood upon the deck of the good steamer Commoundouros, watching the nearing shores of the Piræus, which, as all the world knows or should know, is the port of the classic city of Athens. The beautiful unclouded sky; the bright outline of the sunbathed coast; the air, laden with the scent of the distant Hymettus; the far eminence with the grand old Acropolis standing out, white and bold in the clear atmosphere; and close at hand the mouldering tomb of Themistocles—all combined to arouse such poetic fancies in my mind that I forgot for the moment the prosaic business upon which I had come. The screaming engine of the busy little railway which carries the traveler from the Piræus to Athens, soon reminded me, however, that I was accredited with a mission from a London Greek firm to their friends in the Attic city; and I was soon whirling over the sacred ground

Where History gives to every rood a page!

We passed the monuments of those doughty champions of the War of Independence, Karaiskakis and Miaulis, and many other objects of interest; and after a ride of three or four miles, I found myself at my destination.

After the first few days, I certainly had a very pleasant time of it, the few hours' work each day acting only as a stimulus to my various pleasures; and having examined the Acropolis, and lunched by the fallen pillar of Jupiter, seated myself in the ruins of the Pnyx—whence Demosthenes declaimed, and Pericles evolved his plans—I looked around like Alexander, for more worlds to conquer. I thereupon consulted my genial but unwashed host, Kyrie Antonio Periles Pappademetracopoulos—who, although Plato was to him a text book, and the sayings of Socrates as familiar as the sayings of Tommy and Harry to an English schoolboy, was always as dirty as a sweep—upon the propriety of betaking myself to where

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea.

For one might as well go to Egypt without visiting the Pyramids, or to Rome without entering St. Peter's as to "do" Greece and leave Marathon unexplored. And when my host tried to dissuade me by assuring me that a Greek gentleman's ear had been sent a fortnight before by the brigands to his obstinate relatives, to hurry the negotiations for his ransom, it so rouse I my blood, that I vowed I would go if I returned as close cropped as an English terrier. So away we started—myself and Themistocles, the son of my host, a sailor unshaven youth dirtier than his father—mounted upon two high spirited donkeys, our revolvers well primed, and our commissariat well stocked.

"Adios Kyrie!" shouted my long-named host as we cantered off.

"Never fear," I replied, waving my revolver defiantly, and feeling that I should be greatly disappointed if the rascals did not show themselves.

On we went, enjoying the scenery and holding a hybrid conversation—he in broken English, and I in sadly mutilated Greek—until in the excitement of the ride, and the glorious panorama constantly unfolding itself to our view, I entirely forgot that there were such beings as brigands in existence.

"Now," said I to Themistocles, after a ride of some hours, during which my appetite had become unpleasantly sharpened, "let us look about for a spot where we can bivouac in comfort."

We soon found a delightful place, sheltered all round, save where through a small opening we obtained a view of a charming landscape. Dismounting, and allowing our donkeys to refresh themselves on the grass, we soon made havoc of the good things we had brought. I was laying upon my back smoking a cigarette after the meal, gazing dreamily at the blue firmament; and being too lazy to rise, had called upon Themistocles to pass the bottle.

"Has the fellow gone to sleep?" thought I, still indisposed to turn my head. "Themistocles!"

But Themistocles heard me not; and when I raised myself upon my elbow, I saw him standing, as if struck dumb and motionless with fear, staring upon the opening. Instinctively I leaped up and clutched my revolver; but before I took a step, the cause of Themistocles' fear became apparent; and three shaggy forms behind three blunderbusses aimed direct at me, made me fully aware that I was in presence of those scourges of Greece, the brigands! But oh! what a mamma-phobe was the latter! The navy blue greatcoats with silver buttons, the plumed hats, and the *tout ensemble* of the brigands of my youth, of the operas and the picture-books? Three ragged, disreputable looking figures, clad in greasy sheep-skins and dirty clothes, unkempt, unshaven, took the place of those tinselled heroes. As with one consent they muttered low, ordered us to follow them. My first thought was resistance; but when I showed the slightest signs, the three bell-mounted muskets were bent toward me; and I felt that the odds were too many, and determining to await events, grimly submitted to be led down the mountain by our unsavory guides.

At last, after winding through ravines and hollows, across glens and over mountain-paths innumerable, this most unpleasant journey ended by our guides calling a halt as we gained the summit of an eminence surrounded by trees and tall rocks, forming an extraordinary natural fortress. Beneath our feet, in a deep ravine, with seemingly but one outlet, and excellently sheltered by overhanging foliage, was the camp of the brigands. And here we found the rest of the shaggy ruffians—with the exception of one who stood sentinel—enjoying their siesta with indolent content.

A shrill whistle soon brought the rascals to their feet; and rushing up to meet us, they displayed a dozen of as unfavorable specimens of the human race as could well be found. Seizing our asses by their bridles, they relieved our captors, and led us down the ravine; and having roughly assisted us to dismount, brought us into the presence of the chief of the band.

"Bravo, lads! excellent, excellent!" he shouted, as his sparkling eyes bent upon us in delight; and after a cursory examination, as we were conducted, amid excited gesticulations of the brigands and without undue ceremony, into a dark cavern within the ravine.

"Shiver my maintops!" exclaimed a voice as I groped my way in; "they might give us sea-room, the vagabonds, and not land us in this lubberly creek; and now they are shoving more craft in to anchor!"

"Haul in Jack, old chum!" answered another; "we must make the best of a bad job, mate."

To say that my heart leaped to my mouth at hearing such unexpected words, and finding myself in the company of my own countrymen, would no more than describe the cheering sensation that thrilled through me.

"What cheer, mates?" I cried in the darkness. Answering exclamations of astonishment greeted my words; and in a few minutes our stories were told; and I learned that my new-found friends were the captain and supercargo of a ship then lying in the port of the Piræus, who, seeking a like object, had met with a similar fate to my own.

"And now," said Captain Jack Jenkins, "how are we to get out of this scrape? If I had Tim and Joe and Black Tom, each with a cutlass and a barking-iron here, we'd soon make a passage, I'd warrant!"

"That's all very well," said Will Johnson the supercargo; "but we haven't. If I'd but the opportunity given me, I'd guarantee——"

Whatever the supercargo was about to say was cut short by the advent of two shock-heads at the little opening of our prison, and two harsh voices calling us—as my guide Themistocles informed us to partake of a feast; for we learned afterward that the chief, in commemoration of having made such a good haul, had decided to allow us, his prisoners, to partake of the general festivity. But as a preliminary, we had to undergo an examination as to our capability of paying the anticipated ransoms. First, we were relieved of our watches and rings, the latter using language rather strong for translation in these pages, to the great amusement of his tormentors, who, with similar gesticulations to his, endeavored to imitate the sound of the captain's words, which of course only added to his wrath and their hilarity.

"You uncombed, dirty-faced vagabonds!" he shouted, "if I had a few of you aboard the Annie Martin, I'd twist your ugly heads over the yard-arm in the twinkling of a jiffy!"

Of course they only laughed the louder at his impotent rage; and I thought it quite as well that they did not understand the language in which he gave it vent.

The operation of stripping us of our valuables gave me an opportunity to observe the appearance of my companions. Captain Jenkins was the beau-ideal of an English seaman. In age about thirty-five, of a large and robust build, a face broad, manly, and bearded, and limbs such as would delight a sculptor to copy. His height was nearly six feet; and he had an air of command about him which was doubtless bred of his occupation. The supercargo, Will Johnson, was perhaps ten years younger; nearly as tall as his friend, strong and active; and take us altogether—for I am of no mean stature myself—we were three men who, under any circumstances, would be no disgrace to our country; and if any opportunity should arise for an attempt at an escape, I felt certain that we should give as good an account of ourselves as any scratch three, here or there.

Having satisfied themselves of the value of my late father's watch, which I parted from with some emotion, and of the intrinsic worth of the captain's gold chronometer, as well as the supercargo's watch and diamond ring, we were interrogated through Themistocles, as to our means. For myself, the name of the firm I was traveling for acted with a talismanic effect upon them, and I was immediately assessed—notwithstanding my protestations—at three hundred pounds. At this price, too, the captain's freedom was valued; while the unfortunate supercargo—whose business they persisted in confounding with that of owner of the cargo and ship—was unanimously voted to be worth twice our ransom. Having arranged this matter to their own satisfaction, if not to ours, we were told to sit down and enjoy ourselves with what appetite we could muster.

The smell of the roast lamb and the freshly baked meal-cakes, however, soon aroused pleasant sensations, and dimmed for a time the memory of our griefs; more especially as, under the appearance certainty of obtaining his booty, the chief condescended to be quite patronizing toward us, carving the joints himself for us, and delicately handing on the point of a dagger, our several portions. After we had satisfied our hunger with the more solid viands, we were regaled with dried fruits as dessert; and a large jar of a peculiar sherry-colored but bad-tasting wine of a resinous flavor—which Themistocles described as the common wine of the country—was brought in and set down in the midst of us. This we told them we could not drink; and the chief very generously ordered us a couple of bottles from his own particular store, doubtless the proceeds of a raid upon some well-to-do house-holder.

Will Johnson, after a time managed to ingratiate himself in the favor of our shaggy host and his friends by his genial happy manner and frank bearing, favoring the company with many remarks, which, translated by Themistocles, evidently pleased them. When, too, by sleight-of-hand—in which he was an adept—he performed some simple tricks, and gave them a music-hall song with a rollicking chorus, and wound up with a hornpipe, accompanied by the captain with a pocket comb and a piece of paper, the general enthusiasm knew no bounds, and the beetle-browed vagabonds laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

Will now became on such excellent terms with them all, that he proceeded to take some freedom with them; and when he snatched the horn from the cup-bearer, and installed himself to that official's place, ladling the wine out of the wide-mouthed jar and handing it round to the company, his triumph was complete.

"For heaven's sake!" said he as he passed us, "don't take any of this stuff, and don't drink much of your own."

"Never fear," said Jenkins, making a wry face; "one taste is sufficient."

And so Will went round with the cup, making a comical remark to this one, and a grimace at that, until the chief—evidently fearing from their hilarity that they were taking too much—ordered them to desist from drinking, and return to their several duties.

Meanwhile, we were sent back into our dungeon, with a sentinel stationed at the opening.

"Not a word," whispered Will, as we settled down in our prison. "Here's something, Captain," he continued, "that belongs to you."

"Why," said the Captain in reply, as Will handed him the article mentioned, "this is a stopper out of my medicine chest."

"I'll be sure it is, Jack," returned Will; "and I must apologize for the liberty of taking your laudanum phial; but my confounded back-tooth was so painful on board the ship last night, that I got up and took it, and luckily forgot to return it this morning. You must debit me with the bottle and its contents, for I dropped them both into the vagabonds' wine jar."

"Why——"

"Now, stop your clappers!" continued the supercargo—"Jack, you know I'm not bad with fear, staring upon the opening. Instinctively I leaped up and clutched my revolver; but before I took a step, the cause of Themistocles' fear became apparent; and three shaggy forms behind three blunderbusses aimed direct at me, made me fully aware that I was in presence of those scourges of Greece, the brigands! But oh! what a mamma-phobe was the latter! The navy blue greatcoats with silver buttons, the plumed hats, and the *tout ensemble* of the brigands of my youth, of the operas and the picture-books? Three ragged, disreputable looking figures, clad in greasy sheep-skins and dirty clothes, unkempt, unshaven, took the place of those tinselled heroes. As with one consent they muttered low, ordered us to follow them. My first thought was resistance; but when I showed the slightest signs, the three bell-mounted muskets were bent toward me; and I felt that the odds were too many, and determining to await events, grimly submitted to be led down the mountain by our unsavory guides.

At last, after winding through ravines and hollows, across glens and over mountain-paths innumerable, this most unpleasant journey ended by our guides calling a halt as we gained the summit of an eminence surrounded by trees and tall rocks, forming an extraordinary natural fortress. Beneath our feet, in a deep ravine, with seemingly but one outlet, and excellently sheltered by overhanging foliage, was the camp of the brigands. And here we found the rest of the shaggy ruffians—with the exception of one who stood sentinel—enjoying their siesta with indolent content.

A shrill whistle soon brought the rascals to their feet; and rushing up to meet us, they displayed a dozen of as unfavorable specimens of the human race as could well be found. Seizing our asses by their bridles, they relieved our captors, and led us down the ravine; and having roughly assisted us to dismount, brought us into the presence of the chief of the band.

"Bravo, lads! excellent, excellent!" he shouted, as his sparkling eyes bent upon us in delight; and after a cursory examination, as we were conducted, amid excited gesticulations of the brigands and without undue ceremony, into a dark cavern within the ravine.

"Shiver my maintops!" exclaimed a voice as I groped my way in; "they might give us sea-room, the vagabonds, and not land us in this lubberly creek; and now they are shoving more craft in to anchor!"

"Haul in Jack, old chum!" answered another; "we must make the best of a bad job, mate."

To say that my heart leaped to my mouth at hearing such unexpected words, and finding myself in the company of my own countrymen, would no more than describe the cheering sensation that thrilled through me.

"What cheer, mates?" I cried in the darkness. Answering exclamations of astonishment greeted my words; and in a few minutes our stories were told; and I learned that my new-found friends were the captain and supercargo of a ship then lying in the port of the Piræus, who, seeking a like object, had met with a similar fate to my own.

"And now," said Captain Jack Jenkins, "how are we to get out of this scrape? If I had Tim and Joe and Black Tom, each with a cutlass and a barking-iron here, we'd soon make a passage, I'd warrant!"

"That's all very well," said Will Johnson the supercargo; "but we haven't. If I'd but the opportunity given me, I'd guarantee——"

Whatever the supercargo was about to say was cut short by the advent of two shock-heads at the little opening of our prison, and two harsh voices calling us—as my guide Themistocles informed us to partake of a feast; for we learned afterward that the chief, in commemoration of having made such a good haul, had decided to allow us, his prisoners, to partake of the general festivity. But as a preliminary, we had to undergo an examination as to our capability of paying the anticipated ransoms. First, we were relieved of our watches and rings, the latter using language rather strong for translation in these pages, to the great amusement of his tormentors, who, with similar gesticulations to his, endeavored to imitate the sound of the captain's words, which of course only added to his wrath and their hilarity.

"You uncombed, dirty-faced vagabonds!" he shouted, "if I had a few of you aboard the Annie Martin, I'd twist your ugly heads over the yard-arm in the twinkling of a jiffy!"

Of course they only laughed the louder at his impotent rage; and I thought it quite as

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

The sweet Christ month, the month that Love
was born,
That ever was an alien until now,
What though the blossoms hang not on the
bough,
What though the earth of beauty's place be
shorn?

Lo! in the woods, beneath the frost kissed hill,
The holly lights the path—December's rose—
And underneath the scarlet berry grows,
As if to tell us Love is living still:

Living, albeit under ruder skies;
Though the glad glory of the year be past,
With frost and death Love lingers to the last,
And in Love's breast her blossom never dies.

'Tis nursed with thoughts that come with Christmas chime—
That "gracious time" when Love and Peace
are crowned,
When the world's woes in one great joy are
drowned;
The summer of the soul is Christmas-time.

Is it but fancy? On the midnight air
Forever sound those wild harmonious bells;
Through vacant vales and long-deserted dells
Mysterious anthems echo everywhere.

In deepest solitude the Christian's soul
Stirs to a thrill of some strange touch divine;
Apart from shrines, he heeds the sacred sign
That holds the world in Love's sublime control.
—*[A. T. L., in Harper's Magazine for January.*

AN IRISH LOVE STORY.

BY ISABELLA CAREY.

The bright young sons of old Erin who flock to our shores by thousands, penniless, and uneducated, and yet full of hope and energy, often attract the attention of those who know not their history, nor their national adversities. Neither poverty, nor oppressive legislation, nor disruption of family ties, can crush out their hope of better days, or their aspirations for a higher and better life. Their wonderful industry, their endurance, their hopefulness, their adaptation to new kinds of labor, their good humor, their appreciation of little kindnesses, their devotion to their friends and helpers, all these are so deep and abiding as to appear almost unparalleled in the walks of humble life. They do not come among us "creamed and sugar-plummed," and resting on the elder down of life," but fearless of danger, and ready to toil and endure sore trials and hardships for the sake of an honest living. Seldom they murmur, but turn instinctively to labor for happiness and reward. Speak but a kind word to one of these men, and their warm spontaneous thanks and moistened eyes attest their gratitude and sincerity.

Many years ago I chanced to meet one of these hardy sons of the Emerald Isle, in a small boarding house. The weather was rainy, chilly and dismal, and he sat for hours at night in the little parlor, turning over the leaves of a book in which he could not read a word. Poor Patrick O'Naily, he did not believe that with his poverty it would be possible for him to acquire the mysterious art of reading. Not for him did he think any books were ever printed, and he did not hope for enjoyment or instruction from printer's type. The hours dragged heavily along, and I saw in my heart, as Poor Pat sat there, he is some mother's child, and my pity yearned towards the penniless young stranger, and I felt desirous to ask him about his native land and personal history. Having gained his confidence and noticed that he was evidently pleased at the little attentions the boarders had shown him, I took the initiative, and kindly I could, inquired of him concerning his personal history. Well, Mr. O'Naily, you are so kind and obliging to our landlady, and she speaks in such praise of your appreciation of the ladies, that I wonder you have not married." His dark blue eyes sparkled with emotion, and with a strange and radiant expression of countenance he replied: "Weel, madam, it is seldom I speak of it. Seldom I meet one who cares niver a bit for a poor Irishman; so I keep me thoughts to meself." His rapid, burning words almost choked his utterance. At last he said with intense effort, with manifest effort, "Weel, madam, you see I loved a young girl in Ireland named Kathleen O'Sullivan. Me father and me mither lived near the lakes of Killarney, and in all that beautiful country there were none her like. Be sure, if you'll believe me, heaven itself seemed to shine in her soft blue eyes, and I thought, madam, that I lost me self entirely from me first acquaintance. Indade, I did not know meself at all. You never saw the likes of her, niver at all. As true as I spake, there was none like her, niver, niver; and a quick as a bird, she took a particular hold upon me. It was tremendous. It almost struck me down, indade it did, and whin I tried to speak to her, I stammered and stammered, and me words died away in me throat. Och, she took a particular hold upon me. Whin I left her and went to work, I could see her all the same, smiling and looking at me with her meek, loving eyes, in the field or the house. One Sunday morning I wint down by one of the lakes for a stroll, never thinking to meet her there, but arrah, she was there pulling wild flowers to put in her Sunday hat. The darlint, if I was not surprised; but I helped her get more flowers. She was swater and prittier than they were. Och, upon my soul, she was uncommon, and whin she left me she stuck a few sweet flowers onto me coat. I can see her now, as she pinned them on. Her words were few, and she sighed, and smiled as she did it. I walked home and felt as if I was in the seventh heaven, you may be shure. But arrah, I missed her day and night, and felt iver so lonesome and dewildered.

"Was she amiable?"

"Sure indade, she was, I could niver make her mad. Always in good humor. She suited me weel, niver so weel, and she was of a good family. No spaipeens for me, but me father and mither was not willing, and they scoided, they fretted and tormented me so that I left home and the dear auld Ireland, and came to this country. Even the nabors said no good iver comes of a boy who goes against the wishes of his father and mither. I was tormented and desperate."

He paused and sighed with deep emotion, and I was almost sorry I had unconsciously awakened a world of sad and tender memories. I expressed my sympathy and interest. He then said:

"Madam, you could marry a bad man, and make him a good one. You have a loving heart."

Thanking him for the unexpected compliment, I begged him to continue his story.

"Weel, I never saw one like Kathleen, and if it was to do over again, niver would I care for other people's advice. I would suit me own fancy." "Did you ever have a lover's quarrel?" "Once, niver but once, and for three or four weeks I did not speak to her. At last we met by appointment half a mile from her home, and we talked it all over, and she said, 'Patrick, forgive and begin again.' I began to walk home with her, and when I said 'good bye,' she turned and walked a part of the way to my house. And so we kept turning and walking backwards and forwards, till several hours had slipped by, and I forgot the time of day, and looking up I saw the moon shining in all her beauty upon the lovely lakes of Killarney. Everything seemed turned around, as if an angel was talking to me in a dream. Indade those were strange and happy times. She took a particular hold upon me, and if you'll belave me, it was the biggest job I ever was engaged in. Arrah she suited me weel."

"What became of her at last?" I inquired. He sighed again and said—

"She came over to this country, and stopped in New York, hoping to find me once more. Och, the darlint, but I had come down this way and she longed and sighed for her home in auld Ireland, and a woman of my country told me she died of a broken heart, talking to the last about Patrick and Ireland. Niver do I care for young girls now. I could marry, but I could niver find the likes of swate Kathleen. Och, she suited me weel."

Some thirty years after that interview, I met the same man again, but how altered!

REGARD OF THE ANCIENTS FOR ANIMALS.

In ancient Egypt, when a cat died in the house, the inhabitants shaved their eyebrows; if a dog died, they shaved their whole body. In Athens, one of the laws of Triptolemus declared that no one had a right to inflict a wrong upon a living creature. The Greeks were aware of the tender and affectionate care which the young of the stork exhibited for their old parents, and recorded that, when the latter lost their feathers from age, the young stripped themselves of their own for them and fed them until they collected. This was the origin of the Greek law called "the law of the stork," by virtue of which children were obligated to take care of their aged parents, and those who refused to do so were declared infamous. How different is it in our modern societies! Pierquin remarks with reason that, as man rises, he treats animals as if they were correspondingly degraded. For a long time they had the same rights during the middle ages they were allowed a part in religious ceremonies. At Milan they figured in the festivals of the kings; and processions of animals appear in the bas reliefs of the cathedrals of Strasburg, Mans, and Vienne (Isere). On Holy Wednesday all the clergy of the church of Rheims went to Saint Remi to make a station there; the canons, preceded by the cross, were arranged in two lines, each drawing a herring after him with a cord; and each one was intent upon saving his own fish, and stepping upon that of the canon in front of him (Anquetil, "Histoire de Reims"). At Paris, the procession of the ox was as much enjoyed as the festival of the ass. The animal, dressed in a kind of surplice, wearing the mitre, had his place in the midst of the clergy; a fowl was put within his reach; he often forgot his pious functions to spring upon the bird and devour it in the presence of the faithful. Philip the Fair was very fond of this procession (Sanval, "Antiquites de Paris"). Only a few years ago, the procession of the fat ox remained, a survival from the pagan feasts, a real piece of wreckage from vanished civilizations.

While the rights of animals were thus recognized, their duties toward man did not escape the earlier legislators, who severely punished their crimes and attempts upon human life. The law of Moses (Exodus xxi, 28, 29) recites: "If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die; then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death."

Judgments based on this principle are recorded at Athens and Rome. According to Pierquin,